

## Discord and Harmony.

... By NANCY BRENT ...

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Professor Maurer, lost in the grandeur of "Tannhauser" rendered by himself on the piano, failed to hear the first tap at his studio door. The visitor, evidently realizing how tantalizing it is to stop midway in a feeling of transport, waited until the last note of Elsa's prayer died away, then knocked again and finally by an energetic rattle of the doorknob caused the professor to come back to a realization of things mundane.

"Ah, I was awaiting you, mademoiselle! I was anxious to hear how you sang so beautifully for monsieur the manager."

Edith Garth threw her music roll on the piano and walked over to the fireplace, where the extravagant professor had lighted the gas log.

"I've simply disgraced you," she said miserably, holding the toe of her damp

a wrinkle in his eye. "Perhaps you might find a spot slightly dry," he suggested. "It's silly of me to start off this matic gasp, I never was so surprised in my life. I told him I didn't know what was the matter—I'd never had such an attack before. He said he had often had candidates for positions in the choir get so nervous they couldn't sing at first and for me to rest a few minutes and try again."

"But I thought how hard I had tried for that position as soloist and how hard I had studied with you for the last six months, when the people at home had scribbled and saved to keep me here in the city, and I don't know how I lost my grip, but great big tears commenced running down my cheeks, not nice ladylike tears, but the great big splashy kind that you can't swallow and that a real ladylike handkerchief will not soak up."

She had hung the ladylike handkerchief before the fire to dry, and the big blond professor, who looked more like a Norse sea king than a French professor of voice, handed it to her, with

way again. The director told me to come again next week and he would hear me—that if I could sing in half the whole souled way I cried I ought to make good. You ought to be ashamed to laugh at me," reproachfully. "I'll never have the courage to go again, and I'll always be afraid to sing in public now. My voice might act that way again, and I wanted so to make my living by singing."

He leaned toward her and spoke earnestly.

"You must go again, mademoiselle. In my country we always drive a horse back and make him look at the object that has given him the fright. It is so with this nervous terror of yours, petite. It will grow larger day by day until you will be so sensitive you cannot do the solos in the church or the concert. Will you try it again next week?"

"I feel that I couldn't—positively couldn't," she gasped, trembling at the thought of a second fiasco.

The professor got his hat and coat to walk down the street with her to her boarding house.

"I go with you next week, mademoiselle. I play your accompaniment for you. You must forget yourself, and when he hears you sing the place as soloist at St. John's is yours for the accepting. Monsieur the director will implore you to accept."

The next week an elated girl entered the professor's studio. She was not alone. The professor himself threw the roll of music on the piano, with a little whoop of enthusiasm.

"Never have you sung so well, and do you not feel glad that the horse that balked was led back to try again?"

"I don't mind being called a horse a bit, I'm so happy," she exclaimed. "You couldn't offend me even if you called me a donkey. And it's you—you who have done it all. I found out yesterday that you have been teaching me for practically nothing when your other pupils are paying outrageous prices. It was good—so good—of you," and she held out her hands impulsively. The professor took them in his, and the blueness of his eyes sparkled into hers.

"It was not goodness, petite—it was happiness."

He led her to the chair by the fireplace and stood looking down at her.

"I have been here so long, petite, in a country where I have not the home feeling. There are five years that I have taught, at first to few, then to many, much; yet, petite, I have not the home feeling. And your voice I loved first, and then you. I wanted to make you succeed so you would not despair and go back to the country before I had the time to try to make you care. Petite, may I go to your country home tomorrow and ask the honor of your hand from madam, your mother?"

The girl laughed softly. "That is not the American style. If you want to settle in America for life, don't you think it would be well for you to conform to our customs?"

"And will you tell me the best way?" he pleaded.

"Suppose you should go—not by yourself, but with me—to see my mother, and then—"

"Yes, yes, and then, petite?"

"You might say, 'I love your daughter—and your daughter loves me—so she has brought me to see my new mother,'" she said, keeping her gaze on the fire.

He knelt beside her and turned her face gently toward him.

"The beautiful home we'll have—and your beautiful voice will be with me always. We go on the early train, the most early train, to see madam, the new mother, mon ange."

Read the Astorian.



"YOU MUST GO AGAIN, MADEMOISELLE."

shoe to the blaze with a despairing indifference to the smell of burned leather.

"Impossible! Your voice is most beautiful, and I had taught you the waltz until you could render it with closed eyes," the professor expostulated.

The girl set down, hunting vainly for her handkerchief.

"I don't know what my voice was, but when I tried to sing for that horrid man this afternoon I didn't have any voice of any kind. It wobbled, avoided the tune—did everything—and finally died away in an asthmatic gasp." She found the handkerchief, and it proved to be too small for the demand, a suspicious limpness indicating that it had previously seen much service.

"Ma pauvre petite!" The professor gazed at her perplexedly. "I'll make a cup of strongest tea, bitter as the English and the Americans could wish for. While we drink it and eat some crackers and a can of the thinnest sardines that I have in the back of the music case you can tell me your depression."

He put the kettle on the alcohol lamp and drew the piano bench in front of the fireplace, spreading a sheet of music for a table cover. The girl dried her eyes furtively, and after the outdoor chill her nerves slowly relaxed by the comforting gas log. She watched him with the amused tolerance a woman has for a man's house-keeping, and when he brought the "Tannhauser" score to put under the teapot she forgot her woe long enough for a faint smile, which the professor quickly observed.

"Ah, you are feeling better even now, and when you have eaten six of the little fish and two of the crackers and ask for a second cup of this well cooked tea you may tell me your story."

He arranged three of the prescribed little fish on a cracker and deftly squeezed some lemon juice over them.

"I believe I am equal to three more."

she said, selecting an unbroken cracker from the box and holding it while he angled for the sardines. "And now I must tell you what a failure I made. When my voice stopped with that asth-

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In 1582, in the arrangement of the Julian calendar, ten days were dropped so as to get things running on the then new but the present basis of calculating time. So as to keep things running right it was determined that a year ending a century should not be bisextile, except every fourth century. Thus there was no leap year in 1700, 1800 or 1900. It is, or at least was, rather rough on the ladies, who have special advantages in leap year; but, though there will not be many of those who saw 1900 who will see 2000, the latter year, ending a fourth century, will be a leap year. In this way three days are retracted in four centuries, and the remaining seven days will be made up in a little over 800 years. After that calendar years will be like solar years, and future errors in the calculation of time will occur no more. The loss of leap year will in thousands of years affect the seasons, but I suppose the mathematicians of the centuries hence will be so flip in handling figures and making calculations that they will have no difficulty in keeping things going correctly.—Exchange.

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### Chinese Aversion to Surgery.

It may occur to many people that they have never seen a Chinaman bereft of an arm, leg or other member of his body. The reason for this is that all orientals maintain a profound objection to surgical operations. Indeed, they much prefer to die rather than be deprived of a member, because as it is undeniable that they came into the world with two arms, two legs, eight fingers, two thumbs, etc., they must of necessity go out of it with the same number. Otherwise, once on the other side, they might be sent to hunt for a missing member and spend the greater part of eternity in finding it. Perhaps the nearest approach to internal surgery that a Chinese doctor will attempt is to stand on the patient's body and with bare feet move about on the part afflicted. In dentistry the Chinese have reached the discovery that the nerve is a worm, and the best method to treat an aching tooth is to loosen it by driving in wedges in order that the worm may escape.—Chicago Journal.

### The Real Test.

Young Physician—Do you have much trouble in getting your patients to do what you want them to?  
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### Astoria Society

(Continued from page 4)

church parlors on Friday evening, February 21st.

The eighth grade graduation exercises held in I. O. O. F. Hall on Friday afternoon were listened to by the large concourse of people present with much pleasure. The teachers of the eighth grade certainly deserve great credit for the success of these

exercises. The essays and orations delivered by the 16 (four from Adairs school, and 12 from McClures building) graduates, showed them to be thoroughly conversant with the subject in hand which they handled with considerably more than the average degree of originality and intelligence. Miss Ella Karinen's essay on "Our Flag" was well delivered and especially meritorious. Clyde Trullinger's paper on "Quarantine Stations" was excellent, in it he gave the history of the quarantine system, also the derivation and meaning of the word, much to the pleasure of many present who were sadly ignorant on that subject. Miss Kate Shively surpassed herself in her singing of her solo which was enthusiastically applauded by the audience. Miss Bess Reed's song was given in her usual charming manner and sweet voice and Miss Hilda Kallunki delighted her hearers with her rendition of the solo assigned to her. Miss Wilma Young gave her piano selection with taste and expression while Miss Gertrude Kearney never played so well. Miss Warren presented the graduates with their diplomas in a well directed speech and Rev. Mr. Owen addressed the class in an able and "spicy" manner. The many friends of the graduates attested their well wishes and congratulations by bringing quantities of beautiful flowers and other mementoes of the happy occasion.

Miss Clara Larsen, Miss Rose Nordstrom and Miss Alma Lawsen were Portland visitors this week.

Mrs. Rowena Springer, Mrs. Mattie Staples and Mrs. Cleveland have been selected to serve as hostesses at a card party to be given by the Women of the Relief Corps on Friday evening, February 28th in the upstairs room of the A. O. U. W. Hall.

Gateway Rebekah Lodge, No. 77, initiated four new members, Misses Goddard, Boetchen and Gilbaugh and Mr. Peterson into the degree on Friday evening of this week. Forty members and three visiting members were present. At the close of the exercises, refreshments consisting of sandwiches, shrimp salad cake and coffee was served. At this meeting the following ladies and gentlemen of

Gateway Social Club—Misses Enberg, McCrea, Peterson and Kreibohn and Messrs. A. C. Anderson and J. L. Kline were selected to entertain on the evening of February 21st with a whist party to be given in the I. O. O. F. lodge rooms.

The steamer General Washington carried a crowd of pleasure seekers' last night to Deep River, Wash., where they attended the third annual ball at that place.

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